

THE CROW BECOMES PEACOCK




There was one crow. He always used to think....



God has given all birds such
beautiful and colourful form but
I am the only one who is so
dark

One day, the crow saw some peacock feathers scattered on the ground



A cartoon illustration of a crow standing in a green field. The crow has a dark brown body and a large, hooked beak. Its tail feathers are blue and patterned like a peacock's. In the background, there is a green bush on the left and a blue sky with a few white clouds. A single blue peacock feather lies on the grass to the right of the crow. A large speech bubble is above the crow's head, containing text.

I will tuck these feathers into my feathers and become a peacock. Then I shall leave the society of crows and join the assembly of peacock

He was happy with his own thought. He quickly collected the peacock feathers and tucked those feathers on his body and began to walk like the peacock's gait. Seeing this, one old crow said.....



But the crow was not convinced. Sarcastically he said....



Saying so, the crow flew and reached the place where many peacocks would reside

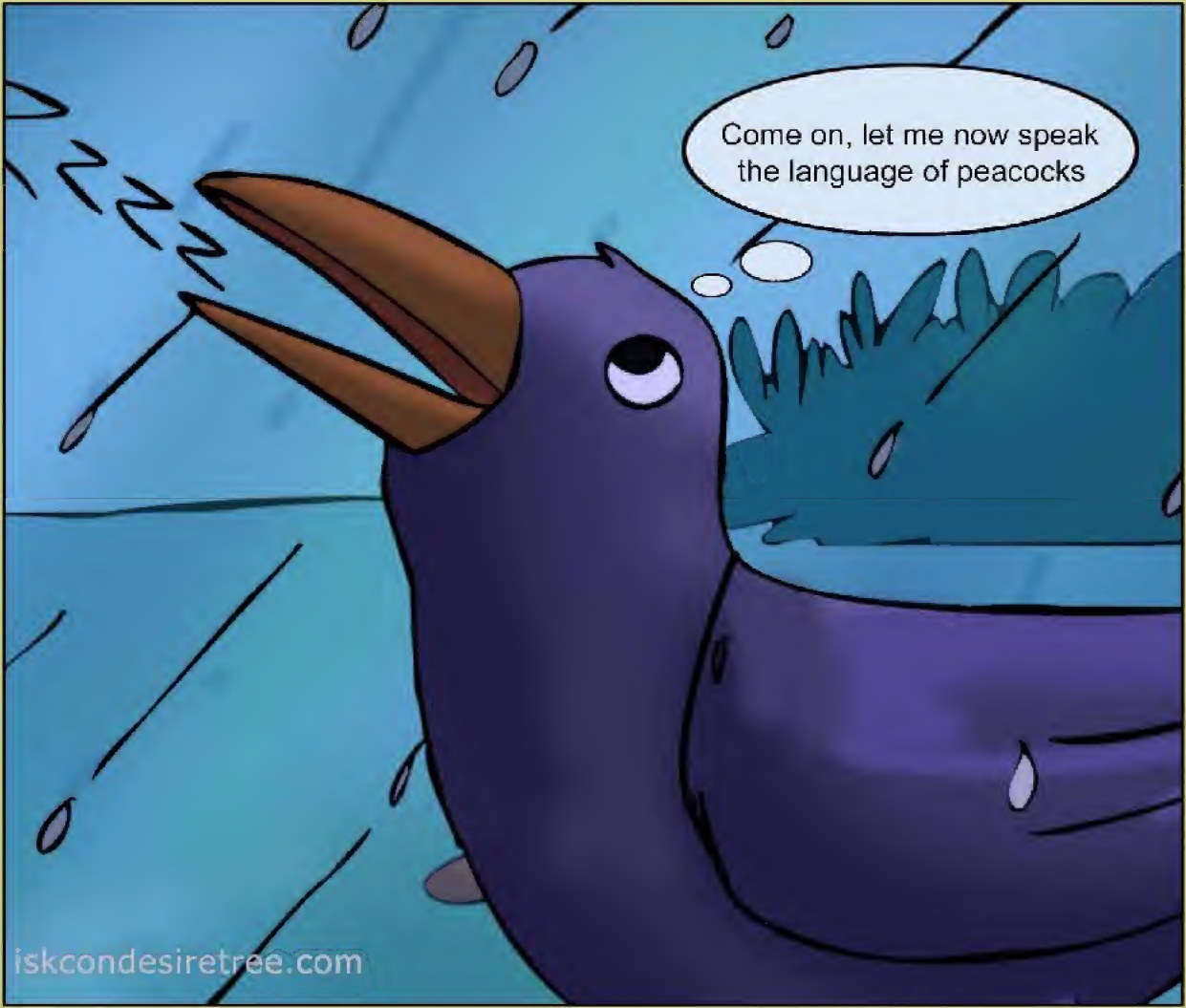


It was drizzling at that time. All the peacocks were bathing in the rain in joy. They were frolicking



One peacock displayed its feathers and danced beautifully. Crow tried to spread his feathers. He tried and tried but his feathers could not be displayed. At that time peacock began to sing

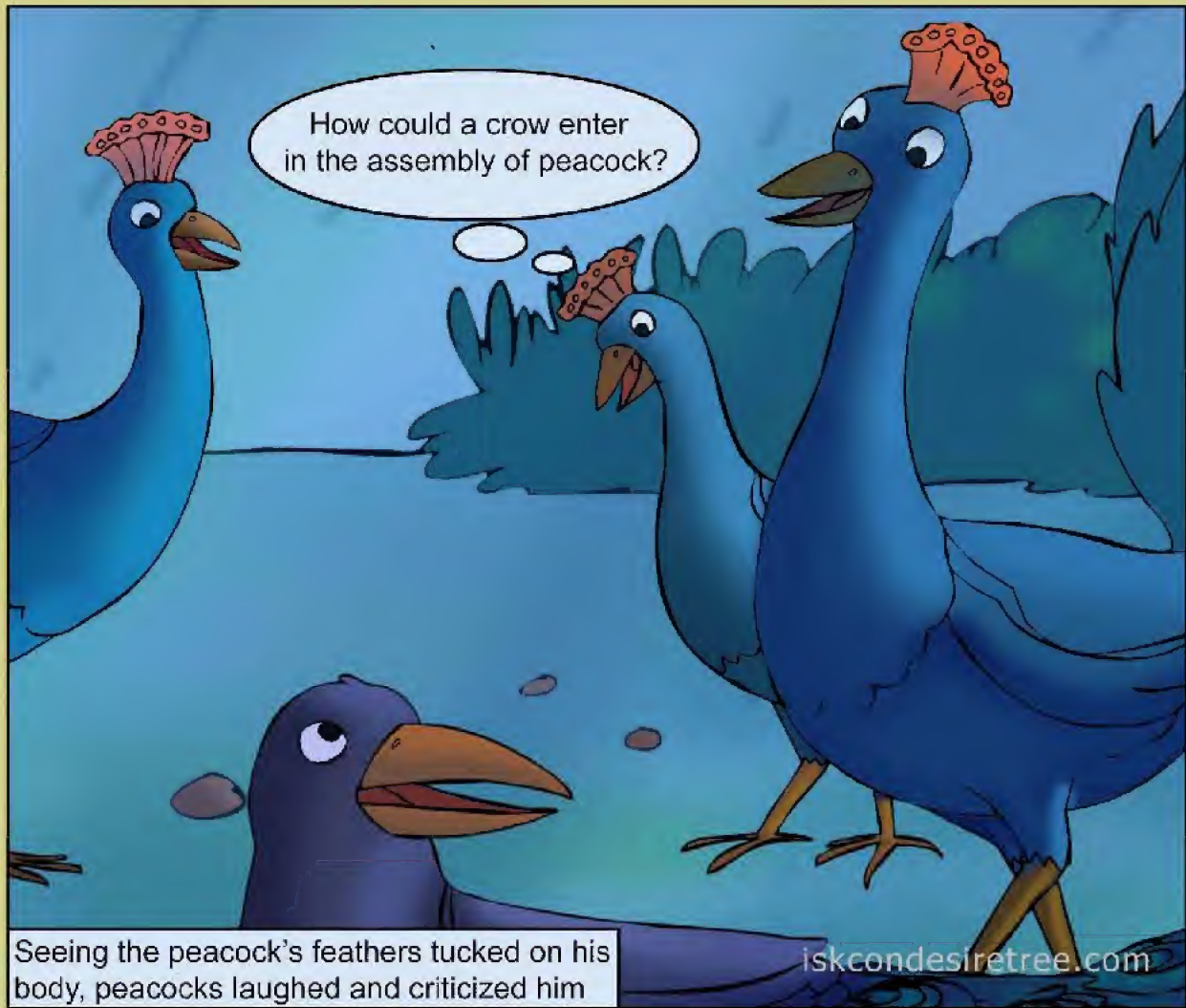




Come on, let me now speak
the language of peacocks

He opened his mouth to sing and the sound uttered was
caw...caw. Hearing that sound, the peacocks were startled





Seeing the peacock's feathers tucked on his body, peacocks laughed and criticized him

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And some peacock's angrily attacked the crow. They bate him almost to death. They pulled out his feathers and threw him out



In this way, the crow who had become more ugly now returned to his crow-society. Seeing him one crow said....

You do not belong to our society. Go away. Get out quickly from here otherwise...

Interrupting that crow, one old crow said...

This crow has got nice
punishment for his deeds.
Therefore do not discard him

Then he spoke
to that crow

Hey, you fool! You did not listen
to my words. Has your craze for
associating with peacock
gone?



MORAL :

It is better to fail in originality than
to succeed in imitation